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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

SOPHIA,

Or the Girl of the Pine Woods.

CHAPTER VII.

One of the young ladies in the plot, had a brother residing in New-York, of some considerable respectability, and the plan was to circulate a report in the village, that Sophia had purchased her father's liberty at the expense of her virtue; for what else could induce a stranger like Mr. Jackson to be so free with his money. That he never meant to marry the girl was beyond all question. He might decoy her to New-York by specious promises of marriage, to facilitate their intercourse, but when that was done she would, after a while find herself abandoned by him, like a thousand more romantic girls before her.

Every one who knows the world has not yet to learn how ready most people are to imbibe suspicion, and when that is excited, how easy it is to gain credulity over to the belief of reports the most scandalous and the most absurd. Suffice it to say, that in less than ten days after the departure of Mr. Jackson poor Sophia's character was all in tatters amongst the gossips of the village, without her knowing or feeling the slightest emotion of the breeze that was blowing away her reputation.

The girl before mentioned then wrote to her brother in New-York, that Sophia had been seduced by a stranger, and her character had been totally ruined—that Col. Jackson, too, had been there, and, not knowing her infamous conduct, had been taken by her beauty, and she believed actually intended marriage—representing the stranger and Col. Jackson to be two distinct persons and that the seduction of Sophia was antecedent to his short acquaintance with her—that it was his duty, and she urged him by all means to acquaint so respectable a gentleman as Col. Jackson with the true character of Sophia. And, that it might not rest on her assertion alone, she enclosed a certificate signed by several respectable persons, that Sophia Thompson had recently become of very infamous character, so far as common report was to be accredited. This certificate she requested her brother to present to Col. Jackson, stating that the high respect which they entertained for his reputation had alone induced them to disclose the matter.

This letter reached the brother, and he took the earliest opportunity of divulging the whole contents of the budget confided to his care.

Col. Jackson was far from being too credulous, and he, for awhile, suspected that it was all false and malicious; but he could see no motive for raising such a report against a harmless and defenceless female. The letter, too, and the documents accompanying it, were signed by respectable names, as he learned from the young gentleman who presented them. What then could it all mean? He could not think that so many people of respectability would combine together to ruin a girl for no cause whatever. The young man assured him that he believed it, and this young gentleman was no mean character. He thought upon it—slept upon it—dreamed of it—accused himself of being weak—easily duped—love sick and every thing else. He finally concluded to write to her father, of whom he had obtained consent. He did write—tore up his letter—wrote again—burnt that—wrote once more—hesitated—read it over and over—sealed it—where was his usual decision? it must be done—at last he sent it to the post office and was sorry he had done so five minutes afterwards—but the mail was just going—it was gone!!

This letter informed Mr. Thompson of his resolution to withdraw his hand from his daughter forever, enclosing the letter and certificate before mentioned as the cause of his taking this painful step—stating that every thing which he had engaged to do for him would be done and that it would be better for him to remain where he was; he had settled all his debts, and he might draw on a house, in New-York as he wanted it, to the amount of the sum first offered. He presumed that Mr. Thompson was innocent, although his daughter might be criminal without his knowledge. "My wife, if I ever have one," said Mr. Jackson, "must be like that of Cæsar, not only spotless but unsuspected."

Before this letter reached the village where Mr. Thompson resided he had started with his family for New-York, and arrived there totally ignorant of what had been transacted.

Mr. Jackson had told him at parting to call immediately on his arrival, at a number designated in a certain street, and Mr. Thompson lost no time in going to the place. But how was he astonished on being told that Col. Jackson, three days before, had left the city for the southward and was not expected to re-

turn until the lapse of a year. How mysterious ! How inexplicable was his conduct.

He carried the news to his family yet weak and gloomy from the fatigue of travelling, who received it like a shock of sudden thunder—especially Sophia.

They took lodgings at a boarding house, and Mr. Thompson went in search constantly for two or three days in succession, to see if he could possibly ascertain any thing more particular concerning Mr. Jackson. But every one who knew any circumstance connected with his business, told him pretty nearly the same story—that he had gone to the south to settle some business of importance in relation to his father's estate, and was not expected back short of a year.

Mr. Thompson at length came across the young man to whom the letter and certificate had been sent impeaching the character of Sophia. They had been somewhat acquainted, and Mr. Thompson ventured to open a very slight detail of his concerns, and he found the young man seemed to know more than he was willing to tell about it. This alarmed Mr. Thompson still more; but he could not decypher the enigma.

Poor Sophia was in tortures. So much trouble can "envy, hatred, and malice" make the most innocent people living, in a very short time. Set the tongue of slander agoing, and we shall soon find that "it is an unruly evil, and of deadly poison"—that "it setteth on fire the course of nature, and is set on fire of hell."

They were all willing to think the best of their friend and benefactor; yet to leave them in such a situation could not be justified, even by the plea of necessity, however imperious. There must be some weighty cause for such unaccountable behaviour. What it could be was the desideratum. Perhaps he went off in great haste, and would still write back an explanation. They concluded to wait awhile longer before they settled on any course to take.

In this perturbation of mind Sophia was looking over an old book and found the following lines, which she took pains to transcribe :

The tender immaculate dove
May fly and abandon its mate
Awhile—but his wanderings are love,
'Tis not in his nature to hate.

Returning in season to bring
Glad tidings the spirit to buoy,
He bears on his tremulous wing
Profusions of transports and joy.

And so shall thy lover return,
Thou maid of disconsolate soul
And kiss off those tear drops that burn
Deep channels wherever they roll.

But darker and darker must grow
The night of distrust and dismay,
Till Heaven shall give thee to know
'Tis darkest not long before day.

And when the clear morning breaks out,
And shines on thy Pharos and thee,
No more shall the shadows of doubt
Raise spectres so frightful to see.

CHAPTER VIII.

The solace which Sophia gathered from the perusal of these stanzas, was of a short duration; for as it is with a person under severe affliction—

—"The darkest day,
Wait till to-morrow will have passed away,"

so on the contrary a gleam of hope seems often to twinkle on the surrounding gloom for a moment only to mock our misery, by lighting up the spectres of departed joys, and then to vanish from our view.

Let no one pretend to believe that Sophia had no great reason to be so extremely wretched as is described. Her mind was in suspense, and those who are skilled in the arts of love—who have been taught in the school of sad experience, tell us, that

"Suspense is worse than absolute despair."

But she was soon relieved from this painful anxiety.

After the lapse of several weeks, and Mr. Thompson had given over sending to the post office for some time, as the family were sitting together one evening after tea, all but the boy, and not more than an hour after Sophia had finished copying the verses, in rushed the lad, flourishing a large letter in his hand, which he pronounced in breathless trepidation, to be from Mr. Jackson!

Sophia almost fainted, although she was not one of those fainting kind of ladies. In thoughtless haste, she was just going to take the letter from the boy, who exclaimed, "not you, but father."

The old gentleman took it, broke the seal, cast his eye to the bottom, and said with some animation "it is from Mr. Jackson sure enough." Sophia looked all colors at once, it pale is a colour.

Thompson took out the certificate against his daughter's character, for it was the letter which had been sent to the village, as before mentioned. He first read the letter, then the certificate, and exclaimed. "Oh what villainy—what cruelty—what rascality!—But Jackson is not to blame—he is innocent."

He could utter no more—threw the papers to his wife, and to his daughter, who had caught a glimpse of hope from the last words which her father pronounced—"Jackson is not to blame, he is innocent." But on reading the whole which unravelled the "mystery of iniquity," and declared the resolution of Mr. Jackson to be fixed on a final separation. Sophia's fortitude entirely forsook her, and she gave vent to the swelling agonies of her soul by a copious shower of tears. Mr. Thompson paced the room with firm but agitated steps, and Mrs. Thompson when she had read both papers through, was much astonished it is true,

and much afflicted also; but she possessed genuine piety, and trusted in God to avenge their cause. She exhorted both her husband and daughter to be calm and patiently wait for heaven to vindicate injured innocence; "for" said she, "I am fully persuaded that a just God will never suffer such a dark plot as this to prosper; nor will he permit such virtue as my daughter possesses, to perish in despair.—" "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son," and every daughter too, "whom he receiveth." "This is not the first time we have been in trouble and seen light arise out of darkness." "What do you mean?" said Mr. Thompson, whose temper was naturally impetuous, and whose indignation overcame his patience for the moment "the light of the old log hut in the pine woods, when you saw it in flames?" "No my dear," replied Mrs. Thompson, mildly, "the light that shone upon you when you were sick and in prison—the light of joy, the gift of God's goodness, that shone around you, when he sent that angel of pity, Mr. Jackson, to release you, and to minister so bountifully to your wants."

Mr. Thompson was instantly struck with a sense of the impropriety of his ill timed wit, if wit it could be called, and became tranquil and pensive—Sophia, too, listened to her mother with composure, and began to reflect that things were not so bad as they might be. She had found out her enemies and knew the force of their weapons. Her character might yet be cleared up, and in all probability Mr. Jackson was yet alive. She again thought of her little song, which she had just copied, and half persuaded herself to entertain the hope, that there might be something prophetic of future good in her finding painted in it the figure of a dove.

Still a year was a long—long time, and Mr. Jackson might find some other fair one.—There was the rub. She however, bore her pangs of uneasiness with silent fortitude, as well as the sensibility of her nature would permit, and the injuries which she had received with as much patience as could be expected. There is nothing, however, which wounds the feeling heart so deeply as the envenomed dagger of slander. To a soul conscious of innocence, it brings an anguish the most intolerable of all sensations. The pains of the body are nought in comparison with those of the mind, and no pains of the mind are more insupportable than those of innocence accused of guilt. The only resort in such cases, when it cannot be immediately remedied, is, to trust in the goodness of God to send relief, with patience and resignation. But Sophia had the consolation of knowing who her traducers were; a satisfaction which every one cannot always enjoy. As for Mr. Thompson he was fierce for starting off forthwith to the village to bring her enemies to the bar of justice immediately. His lady, however, persuaded him not to be too precipitate, but to take some legal advice

in the first place, where he was. Mr. Thompson therefore went to the office of an eminent attorney, an old friend, who was well acquainted with the whole family, and with Col. Jackson likewise, to whom he made known the whole affair with all the feelings of a father. "I have in my office," said Mr. B., the counselor, a young gentleman reading law from the village you mention; perhaps he can be of some service to us both;" and he called him instantly—when behold! it proved to be the very young man who had delivered the papers to Col. Jackson. He was going to introduce Mr. Thompson to him but perceived they were acquainted. The attorney and client both began to question him concerning the infamous libel which appeared in their hands, and he finally confessed that his sister had sent the papers to him, and that he had delivered them to Mr. Jackson, believing what was stated in them to be true. "A more nefarious libel" said Mr. B. "was never uttered. Sophia Thompson was taught in the same school with two of my daughters—I have known her from an infant, and have every reason to believe that she is as spotless as a cherub. Those revilers of her character must retract what they have said—must atone for their outrageous proceedings against an innocent young lady, or the law must be put in full force against them all." "Not one of them," says Mr. Thompson, "knows any thing against my daughter, I will have satisfaction for such hellish slander, if I should have to sacrifice my life to obtain it." "Be cool," said the attorney, "your cause is clear." Mr. B. and the young gentleman agreed to write immediately to the persons who signed the certificate, urging and threatening them to make instantaneous reparation or abide the consequences. Here let the matter rest for a few weeks. In the mean time let us attend to other particulars of the story which deserve a minute relation.

(Concluded in our next)

FROM THE EMPORIUM. LOVE AND DUTY.

"Julia," said Mr. Sandford to his beautiful daughter, as he walked with her in their delightful garden, and enjoyed the fresh morning air, and mused among the charms of nature, "Julia, whom of all others in the world do you love best?" "My father and mother," unhesitatingly answered the innocent girl. "And do you cherish no affection," continued he, "that you would not willingly sacrifice, if they required you to do so?" Julia, turned hastily aside—her hand trembled, and a deep blush stole upon her cheek. "I would do as you required," she replied, "even though" she hesitated and blushed still deeper, and added with a trembling voice—"it broke my heart!" "But if you love your parents better than any other, could it break your heart," asked Mr. S., "to relinquish a *weaker* for the preserva-

tion of that *stronger* attachment." "Indeed," she replied, "it ought not—I think it ought not—But"—she paused and turned aside.

No one who knew how carefully the young heart, kindling in its first attachment, hides away its feelings, and its thoughts from others, and nurses all its joys or sorrows in silence or in solitude, could imagine how heavily that brief conversation weighed on Julia's heart; when as soon as an opportunity offered, she sought her chamber, and recalled every word, and weighed the import of each with a palpitating heart. She was yet quite young, but unrivalled beauty and a splendid fortune, youth, vivacity and genius, combined to shed around her an attractive glory which drew many already to her shrine. She knew that a wealthy trader too, had paid suit to her parents for her hand; and while she felt the powerful claim, her parents had to command her obedience, and believed their judgment to be infinitely superior to her own; yet she felt too, that it was hard for reason to overcome passion—and though she had never trusted the secret even to the desert air, to her own heart she acknowledged that she loved—deeply, fervently, unchangeably; one whose only wealth was genius, but whose mind was cast in the same mould with her own—and who added to this patrimony, virtue, industry, and love to her.

Mr. Sandford had noticed his daughter's embarrassment, and suspected the cause. He determined to take another step, therefore, towards ascertaining her mind—and seized the first favourable opportunity of mentioning Mr. Nathwell's proposition. His offer was splendid; some thousands a year as a settlement, besides a noble estate secured to her and her heirs, independent of himself. But Julia heard it with a sick heart—She had never dissembled to her father—She believed he ought of right to know all; and summoning her utmost courage, she told him all; her heart was Alfred's but she trusted her destiny to the wisdom of her parents; only enjoining with tears, again and again, that her heart was Alfred's. She had now unburthened her mind; her conscience spoke peace; she loved her parents, and had given them no pain; she confided in them, and felt a secret pleasure and satisfaction, that in a case so trying, she had been able to confide in them. If she was not perfectly happy; she was not miserable.

But a severe trial awaited her. Mr. Sandford took young Alfred into his employ, and a few weeks after, Julia learned that he was to be sent abroad, on a long voyage; he was invited up to the country place, however, to spend a day with the family, before he went; and treated kindly, and suffered to spend the afternoon alone with her. But then he was sent on shipboard; sent away; far away; and she had bid him adieu, forever. Other suitors were dismissed, and Mr. Nathwell, alone paid his visits to the family mansion. Julia tried

to reconcile herself to her boding fate; she tried to treat him well, but a cold formality of manner, was visible still. The rich trader saw it, rather than *felt* it; age on his part had triumphed over the fire of youth; he loved, but loved like a philosopher.

In all this however, Julia saw, or thought she saw, the fixed and final determination of her parents; and with all her efforts to be calm and contented, her affections preyed upon her heart—Alfred still returned in every dream of the imagination; her health declined, and though she grew lovelier day by day, that decline was not invisible to those who looked upon her. Her father found her resignation, and obedience, her filial love and confidence, remained undiminished; but she was not as he wished her; entirely happy. She was cherished like a tender flower; every amusement was spread before her; every pains taken to win her back to her former pursuits and pleasures; but in vain. Her lute was voiceless; her pencil remained untouched; and the flowers in the garden withered, neglected and unseen by her.

At last after many months, preparations were made at the mansion for a splendid party; a glow of unusual pleasure sat on the brows of Mr. and Mrs. Sandford; the relatives were generally invited; and Julia was summoned from her chamber, in the afternoon, to meet the assembled guests. She came, and the first face she saw was Alfred's!—his eye beaming with joy, and swimming with tears of delight; the shock almost overcame her; but she recovered, when the first surprise was past, and with her hand throbbing in his, was led forward to the circle of select relatives, who had been assembled.—Her father and mother received the young couple; and taking them by the hand, informed their friends, that they were destined for each other. Then every heart was light, and every countenance joyous. The tea-table was spread, and a large pound cake graced the centre, entwined with this motto—"FILIAL OBEDIENCE AND STERLING WORTH—NEVER GO UNREWARDED."

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee

"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

A FEW DAYS IN ATHENS.

Being the translation of a Greek Manuscript Discovered in Herculaneum—By Francis Wright.

This pretended Manuscript, says the editor of the Boston Spectator, from whose excellent paper we copy the following extract, is in fact a defence and panegyric of Epicurus and his philosophy. Theon, a young and noble Corinthian, arrives at Athens with the intention of devoting his time to the study of philosophy. He hears many of the different sects and be-

comes a pupil and admirer of Zeon the leader of the Stoics. In his school he is informed of the vices, attributed by the rival sects to Epicurus, and gives implicit faith to these tales. But his accidental meetings and intercourse with that philosopher during these "few days," produce an entire change in his estimation of his character. He finds persuasion and virtue on his lips, excellence among his followers, happiness in his garden and love in his home. All the scenes are described by the author with a fanciful and glowing pencil, with extravagance of ornament; and the dialogues are animated and interesting. The doctrines of Epicurus, as represented in this volume, are well personified by his bounteous daughter in the short ode to virtue.

"Come Goddess! come! not in thy power,
With gait and garb austere,
And threatening brow severe,
Like stern Olympus in the judgment hour;
But come with looks the heart assuring,
Come with smiling eyes alluring,
Moving soft to Lidian measures,
Girt with graces, loves, and pleasures,
Bound with Bazillea's zone.
Come Virtue! come! in joyous tone
We bid thee welcome to our hearth,
For well we know, that thou alone
Canst give the purest bliss of earth."

We shall not make any extract from the philosophical part of this little volume, but select the following incident as a specimen of its lighter graces.

Their conversation was here interrupted by the bursting of the storm.

The fire flashed round the horizon, the thunder cracked over the zenith and the first big drops fell from the burdened clouds. "We are near the Temple," said the sage, let us seek shelter under the portico. We may watch the storm there without a wet skin." They had hardly gained it, when the rain poured in torrents. Ilissus, whom the burning sun had of late faded into a feeble rill, soon filled and overflowed his bed: wave after wave in sudden swell, came roaring down as if he now first burst into life from the womb of his parent mountain. But the violence of the storm soon spent its strength. Already the thunder broke with longer intervals, and a faint light, like the opening of the morning, gleamed over the western heavens. At length the sun cleared his barrier of clouds. He stood on the verge of the waves, and shot his level rays over the blazing Salamis and the glistening earth. The sage stood with his friend in silent admiration, when the eye of the latter was attracted by a horseman, who came full gallop over the plain, directly towards them. The object of his attention had nearly reached the river, when he perceived the rider to be a female. The swift feet of the steed now touched the opposite brink.—"Great Jove, she will not attempt the passage," exclaimed the youth as he sprang to-

wards the river. "Stop, stop," he cried.—She checked the rein but too late. The animal accustomed to the passage, and blinded by speed, plunged into the flood. Theon tore his robe from his shoulders, and was about to make the plunge on his side, when he was grasped by Epicurus.

"Be not rash. The horse is strong, and the rider skilful." The voice that uttered those words was calm and distinct, but its wonted music was changed into a tone of suppressed horror. Even at that moment the accent struck upon Theon's ear.

"Do you know her? Is she your friend? Is she dear to you? If so——," he made another effort to throw himself forward, but was restrained by Epicurus. He looked in the philosopher's face. There was no motion in it, save a quivering round the mouth, while the eyes were fixed in silent gaze on the struggling animal. He breasted the water midway, when seemingly frightened at the rapidity of the current, he tried to turn. The rider saw the danger, she curbed the rein, she tried with voice and effort to urge him to the conflict. Theon looked again at the sage. He saw he had loosened his mantle, and was prepared to try the flood. "I conjure you, by the gods!" said the youth, "what is my life to yours?" He grasped the sage in his turn. "Let me save her I will save her—I swear it." They both struggle a moment for the leap.—"I swear," continued Theon, with ferocious energy, "that if you go, I will follow." He made another effort, and dashed from the hold of Epicurus into the river. Naturally strong he was doubly so at this moment he was in the centre of the current—another stroke, and he seized the mane of the steed. But the terrified animal even then gave way to the stream. The rider still struggled for her seat. But her strength fast failed, she stretched out her hand with a feeble cry of despair. Theon shot forward yet swifter than the tide; he drove with a shock against the horse, and caught with one arm the expiring girl. Then half yielding to the current, he parted with the other the roaring waters, and with an effort almost superhuman grappled with their fury. Panting, choking, bewildered, yet never relaxing, he reached but he knew not how, the land. When he recovered recollection, he found himself lying on a couch, in the arms of Epicurus. "Where am I," he said, "and where is the lovely girl?"

"Safe, safe, as her generous deliverer, Oh, my son! now indeed my son, when I owe to thee my Hedoia."

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,

"In pleasure seek for something new."

Practical Blunder of an Irish Foot-pad Robber.

During a journey of the Bishop of Salisbury (the celebrated Gilbert Burnet) from his See

to London, he had a sudden occasion to stop the carriage, which he desired might proceed at a slow pace, as he expected shortly to overtake it. Very few minutes had elapsed before his Lordship was attacked by a robber, who, in the Irish brogue, demanded his watch and money.—Remonstrances under such circumstances being unavailing, he complied with the best grace in his power, expecting no further molestation. The coat, however, of the Bishop, happening to take the fancy of the thief, he insisted on its being exchanged for his own threadbare jerkin, in which the clerical dignitary was suffered to depart.—During this transaction, the Bishop's coach had proceeded a considerable distance, and Mrs. Burnet, becoming uneasy at her husband's delay, put her head out of the window and saw him running towards her with all possible speed, in his new disguise, with the meaning of which she was soon made acquainted. The Bishop, a short time afterwards on putting his hand into one of the pockets of the jerkin, had the unexpected good fortune to find his own watch, and in the other not only his own purse, but also another, containing upwards of fifty golden Jacobuses.

Mrs. Foot and her daughters going to a grand party, an English servant hearing the name, and thinking to show his *critical correctness*, announced them as a Mrs. Foot and the Misses *Feets*!!

To young authors—Mrs. B. desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion on a new work of hers, adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had *other irons in the fire*, and in case of its being not likely to succeed, she could bring out something else, upon which the Doctor, having turned over the work, said, "then Madam, I would advise you to put this where your *irons* are."

A brave veteran Scottish officer, reconnoitering a battery, which was considered impregnable, and which it was necessary to storm, laconically answered the engineers, who were dissuading him from the attempt "gentlemen you may think what you please; all I know is, that the British flag must be hoisted on the ramparts to-morrow morning, for—I have got the order in my pocket."

BENEFICENCE.

Kosciusko, the Polish hero, once wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman at Solothwin; and as he hesitated to trust them by his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a young man by the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. On his return, young Zeltner said he never would ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kos-

ciusko inquiring what he meant, he answered, "As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will never stir till something is given to the petitioner; and as I had no money about me, I was obliged to feign giving something, in order to satisfy the horse."

A deaf woman observed a sailor going by her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy—cried out to him, "Billy where is my cow?" The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "gone to the d—l for what I know" "Well, as you are going that way," said the old woman, "I wish you would just let down the bars."

"Why did you not admire my daughter?" said the late Lady Archer to a gentleman. "Because," said he, "I am actually no judge of *painting*." "But surely," rejoined her ladyship, not in the least disconcerted "you never saw an angel that was *not* painted."

An Irish footman went one day to his master and said—"Plase your honor, I want to ask you a question: is a thing lost when you know where it is?" "Blood-an-ounds, Pat, to be sure not," said his master, "how can you talk such nonsense?" "Oh thank your honour," says Pat, "the devil a harm then *for the new coffer ta-kettle's at the bottom of the well*."

SUN AND AIR.

A pert young lady was walking one morning on the Steyne, at Brighton, when she encountered the celebrated Wilkes. "You see," observed the lady, "I am come out for a little *sun and air*." "You had better, madam, get a little husband first."

FEMALE POLICY.

A few years previous to the French Revolution, a young lady, an orphan, of the age of seventeen, who was very rich, was married to a young man without fortune. They had lived in the most perfect happiness; and it was with the utmost astonishment, that their neighbors and friends heard of their intending, by mutual agreement, to take advantage of the new law of divorce; but their surprise was still greater when, two or three days after, they saw them married to each other again. The reason was, that the young lady's guardians had only consented to the first union on condition that the lady's whole fortune should be secured to her; so that the husband could not engage in any beneficial use of the capital. The marriage was dissolved by the revolutionary law of divorce, and the lady being made mistress of her fortune, being of age, she proved her liberality and gratitude by making her husband master of her whole property.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MORALIST.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? They that tarry long at the wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—**SOLOMON.**

The friend of suffering humanity, cannot but look with an eye of pity, on the miserable beings who daily intercept him in our streets. But to what cause, are we to attribute their misery? Are they consuming by the lingering hand of famine? are they the wretched victims of a devouring pestilence? Ah no! it is a lamentable fact, that our eyes are pained at the sight of the degraded victims of their own imprudence—at the sight of men, who were made in the image of God, who have reduced themselves in a moral point of view below the beasts that perish. They are the deluded votaries of Bacchus, who sacrifice their health, happiness, respectability and worldly prosperity at his shrine. Their palates are tickled with the inebriating draught; but they find, that "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." And did its sting cause them alone to suffer, it would not be a subject so much to be regretted by the reflecting part of community, as it is when they consider that each individual is connected with others, to whom his deviation from the path of rectitude, brings trouble and sorrow, in proportion to the nearness of the ties, which bind them to each other. So true it is of family and social circles, as well as of our natural bodies; that "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or whether one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it." O ye youth, who are just stepping upon the threshold of vice, pause before you enter her polluted temple! or you will involve yourselves in a labyrinth more intricate than was that of Crete, and from the windings of which, your extrication will be as hopeless: because having once entered its bewildering passages, even should some fair Ariadne* help you out, probably, your infatuation would be such, that you would again return, and become more deeply entangled in its mazes than before. Nevertheless let those, if any there be, who are making attempts to return from the perplexing road of vice, to the strait and narrow way of virtue, persevere in their laudable undertaking; for some, aided by the blessing of God have had the courage and perseverance to retrace their steps after wandering long in her forbidden paths. Therefore let none despair, and because the instances are few let none presume. Let us look into the temple of vice and view her followers. Behold that miserable mass of a man bloated by intemperance! his limbs totter as he walks, his trembling hands almost refuse to lift the

* Ariadne, daughter of Minos king of Crete, who from love helped Theseus out of the famous Cretan labyrinth.

poisoned goblet to his lips: it is the once handsome and sprightly Adelbert. Only a few years have passed, since the bright glow of health mantled on his cheek—since strength and elasticity characterized his every movement. He began the world with the most flattering prospects, in profitable business, wedded to the prudent and affectionate Agatha, had he regarded the admonitory lesson "Be not among wine bibbers, for the drunkard shall come to poverty," he might still have continued both a happy and a respectable member of society; whereas, now he is sunk to the lowest state of degradation, from which none but an almighty hand can raise him. His wife—his suffering wife, her youthful hopes blasted in the bud, is fast sinking into the grave: "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest." His children, my heart bleeds at the thought, will then be orphans, without a mother's watchful care to protect their childhood, or guide their steps in the slippery paths of youth: perhaps obliged to bear the "proud man's contumely"—to depend upon the cold charity of an unfeeling world. But God has promised to be a father to the orphan, may he support them under all the trials which he in his providence, shall call them to endure. Should we look again, through its dark vista, into the dread mansion of vice, we might see thousands of pictures, as appalling as the one we have been contemplating; but one will suffice for our present purpose, which is by an exposure of the baleful effects of the vice of intemperance on its miserable victims, to endeavour to deter youth from following them, in their mad career. O may they profit by the sad examples around them! fly from the destructive paths of folly; and seek the gates of wisdom, for "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

SUMMARY.

Subscriptions received at this office for the United States Literary Gazette. This work is published in Boston, by Cummings, Hilliard & Co. on the first and fifteen of every month. Each number will contain 40 pages, Octavo, making two Volumes a year of 480 pages each, at \$5. This is one of the best edited periodical Publications in the United States, and we think the best. It contains Reviews, Miscellany, Poetry, Critical Notices, Intelligence, &c.

A law has passed the congress of Colombia which condemns to death all citizens found engaged in the slave trade either at sea or in the ports.

MARRIED,

In this city on Wednesday evening the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Stanton, Dr. S. P. WHITE, of Albany, to Miss CAROLINE M. JENKINS, daughter of the late Robert Jenkins, Esq.

In Columbiaville, on Saturday evening the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Sturges, Mr. GEORGE W. SEAMAN to Miss ANNA MARIA PHILIP both of the above place.

DIED,

At Albany, on the 27th ult. Mrs. LUCINDA FONDAY, wife of Mr. Stephen Fonday.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
TO THE RISING SUN.

*"Thou glorious orb! supremely bright,
Just rising 'bove the sea,
To cheer all nature with thy light,
What are thy beams to me?"—Rowson.*

Aurora opes her purple gates,
At thy approach, bright king of day;
And golden tints, with rosy shades,
Their beauties in the east display.
Oh emblem fair! of God of love,
Whose piercing beams to all extend,
Does there a lonely outcast rove,
To whom thy rays no comfort lend?
Oh no! the ver'est wretch on earth,
Some solace, still derives from thee,
Although unmindful of thy worth—
Regardless of the Deity.
The captive hid in dungeon's gloom.
Whose light, thro' grated window gleams,
As grateful, finds the rays of morn,
As he, who shares thy brightest beams.
Poor sailors clinging to a wreck,
Toss'd on the raging billow's foam,
Impatient, long for day to break,
In hopes, that then, relief will come.
And tho' no sail appear with day,
They then can stretch their anxious eyes,
Old ocean's vast expanse survey—
Hope on each wave, to see one rise.
They then can view each friendly face,
And gather courage at the sight,
To raise their hearts, to throne of grace,
For succor e'er the coming night.
E'en those whose sightless orbs, have ne'er
Kind nature's varying scene survey'd,
For genial warmth, do God revere,
And bless his name, that thou wert made.

ELLEN.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
STANZAS.

Inscribed to Mrs. M. E. D. on the death of her child.

*"Oh, Mary be that solace thine;
Let Hope her healing charm impart,
And soothe with melodies divine,
The anguish of a mother's heart."*

J. A. ADAMS.

Ah! we no more can hear those lips of love,
Which late so sweetly struck upon the ear—
Mary has gone to sing glad songs above,
And look with pity upon us mortals here!
But though she's gone, yet is it well to mourn,
And o'er her tomb each tender feeling lave?
Ah! is it well to seek her new-made urn,
And drop the tear of sorrow o'er her grave?
Why should we mourn? That she is snatch'd away,
And now is gone to everlasting bliss?
That she on earth dwelt but "a little day,"
And now is free from sorrow and distress?
Rather rejoice that she is happy now,
And free from all the ills and woes of life;

That now she wears a laurel on her brow—
No more to die or feel diseases rife.
But ah! there's no philosophy in grief—
The tear affection calls will ever flow;
'Tis that alone can bring the kind relief,
And wipe Pain's furrow from the mourner's brow.
When we behold our fondest prospects fade,
And see our friends and hopes together die—
And when the young and beautiful are laid
To sleep for e'er, can we repress a sigh?
The rose will bloom awhile, (how like thy child,)
Then falls to earth, by Winter's tempests riven;
But Spring returns, and with its zephyrs mild
New blooms expand:—With Mary so in heav'n.
HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
EMILY GEIGER.

She was young—but she'd liv'd long enough
To know, that no age nor condition was free
From the furious rage of the rough
Tempest that swept over commotion's rude sea:
She had seen the red broad-sword, reeking and wet,
Uplifted to cleave the young warrior's crest;
And the infant, smile on the bright bayonet,
That glitter'd at its own innocent breast.
She was fair—but the lily she'd seen
Discolour'd, despoil'd by the touch of the vile;
And the blooming young virgin had been
Robb'd of her virtuous blush, her innocent smile
By the foe that feasted on patriot blood;
And she knew that were her fate, should the foe
Prove victorious, and she sped on the road
Like the young, the fleet, and the tim'rous roe.
She sped on the way—guardless, alone—
Though dangers were round, and the foemen were near;
For hope's twinkling star guided her on
To the banner of freedom, waving afar
Over the war-tents of the free and the brave;—
Those war-tents were struck—that flag onward mov'd,
And the shout of those warriors, was "We will save
From the foe, the young, the fair, and the lov'd."
She is gone to the mansions of death,
Where thousands of warriors and patriots lie—
But shall her name by calumny's breath
Be sullied, or in cold oblivion die?
No, Emily, no?—as we stand round thy tomb
We'll shed over thee warm tears of regret:
Thy myrtles we'll twine with the laurels that bloom
On the veteran brow of—LA FAYETTE.

LUDOVICUS.

ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it is supported by the press.

PUZZLE II.—Determination.

PUZZLE III.—Herring. (*her ring.*)

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Why is a ship like an auctioneer?

II.

Why is a Shovel like a Tea-pot?

WANTED

At this Office a boy from 14 to 15 years old, as an apprentice to the printing business.

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